

The Evening World

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LET'S HAVE A SHOW-DOWN.

MISUNDERSTANDING about the call to strike seems to have made it hard to produce any strike at all among the munition workers in Bridgeport. Expert Keppler and his aides either bungled their business or misjudged their men. The strike leaders admit that they have had to revise their plans.

Nevertheless it would be foolish to belittle the agitation now busy among workmen or to pooh pooh its results. Several hundred workers have walked out of arms factories in Bridgeport, bullets are already flying at Bayonne, where seven men have been shot and one killed, efforts are being made to call out the machinists in the Bliss plant, which makes Whitehead torpedoes, and the labor leaders are proclaiming that they will make 600,000 machinists quit work.

Maybe it will be as well to have a show-down and find out where we stand. If agitation can make good its boasts and seriously interfere with the export of arms to Europe the sooner we grasp the situation and get down to its causes the better. If, on the other hand, the labor agitators have promised somebody a bigger order than they can deliver it will be a good thing to see them exposed.

The atmosphere is full of sinister whispers and disquieting threats. It would be a relief to have some of them either realized or dissipated.

BECKER'S STATEMENT.

AFTER reading the statement of Becker and the partial corroboration of Applebaum to the effect that "Big Tim" Sullivan feared Rosenthal, wanted to be rid of him and called a conference at the Circle Theatre twenty-four hours before the murder to make arrangements for bribing the gambler to leave the city, it would instantly occur to any child to ask: Why in the course of two trials was none of this so-called evidence produced? If Becker from the first held these facts in his mind, how could any number of lawyers keep him from going on the stand and telling them.

It is inconceivable that Becker withheld the story he now tells from all with whom he consulted. If his advisers knew the whole or any part of it, why did they not hasten to get it before a jury. The lateness of the story is its most obvious weakness. Moreover, the law does not recognize as "new" evidence that was known to the defendant at the time of his conviction.

The lawyer-like warning to Gov. Whitman that he owes his present position to his prominence in the Becker case and risks his political future by permitting Becker's execution is too desperate an "argument to the man" to be either convincing or seemly. Not even with the public can Becker's statement in any way help him.

Letters From the People

Chances in Merchant Marine.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Would experienced readers kindly let me know if it is practical for a young man, eighteen years of age,

Hits From Sharp Wits.

A girl may be all that a poet in dreaming would weave into fantasy sweet, but if she runs over her head it counts one against her.—Macon Telegraph.

Why don't some vacationists who have struck a lemon of a place use original for once and "postcard" the biggest bore on his list of acquaintances. "Having a rotten time; wish you were here instead of me."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The average man, when he admits that two heads are better than one, thinks that it's his own head that makes the betterment.

It takes a lot of experience to teach

Cos Cob Nature Notes.

EVER since our fellow naturalist, Ernest Thompson Seton, introduced him to Nature, Albert Finelli has been having queer adventures with the subject. Lately his chickens have been disappearing and the closest guard he could keep failed to tell him how. It now appears that two big black snakes were responsible. One was killed by a valiant hen, the other Albert laid out himself, catching the serpent in the act with its mouth full of chicken. Recently Albert imported a new kind of dog into our midst from the distant State of Indiana. It is called a skunk dog, its specialty being not to mind pertumery and to pick a skunk up tenderly and bring it home without muzzling the fur, which is now popular with fine ladies to keep them selves warm with in the winter and to look queer in during the summer. When not busy with skunks this useful pup catches rats. We wish there were more like him. Most of our dogs would rather lie in the road and be run over by a motor car than catch a rat, which is really their business.

Speaking once more of the spy glass which Dr. Bigelow used to have peering at the stars in Arcadia over at the pleasant hamlet called Sound Beach, it appears to be a long cylinder with glass at both ends. If you look through the little and things appear large and nearby, but if you gaze through the big end there are an awful lot of things that are contrary to the usual American idea, but that's the way the machine works. Dr. Bigelow will call it a telescope, but we shall stick to spy-glass, as being easier and more readily understood by our readers.

The new Cos Cob school house is almost done and will be the finest building in town next to Percy Rockefeller's palace, which of course was not built for educational purposes, but to live in when the owner is not away from home. We are all very

with a small income, to study for a commission in the United States merchant marine? Also please let me know what qualifications are required for admission and what the chances are?
N. D.

Two old-fashioned men who are still on the job: The guy who says: "Don't tell him I said so, but—" and the expert who gets blisters on his feet running to tell him.—Columbia State.

It's useless to be good unless you're good for something.
When a man becomes thoroughly contented he has outlived his usefulness.—Omaha World-Herald.

The chances are about ten to one that you will never have any use for anything you put away in a pigeonhole.—Toledo Blade.

proud of our school house, which dominates the landscape and is a success architecturally. It stands on the site where Henry Ward Beecher's sister-in-law once kept a school for young ladies whose mothers would not bother with them at home, right where the big puddle exists which Gus Knapp has to see for four years at the junction of Orchard Street and the Post Road, it being impossible for the estate Highwayman and our highwayman to get their two kinds of roads to join properly. Education has changed a good deal since we all went to school in a dirty little house with a stove in it, for which there never was wood enough split or it was too long to fit and the door had to be left open, while the teacher, if a male gentleman, had to lick the biggest boy and spunk the big girls if he expected to succeed. If a young lady taught the reverse was the rule, except that she had to wipe the nose, and fix the clothes of little children in the end of our pond with gum, but some argue that because of all this the taxes are too high.

We have often mentioned the way Nature takes hold and fixes things when humans mess them up. Some years ago the trolley company filled in one end of our pond with gum, but track road, replacing the natural mud with a slanting stone wall that was not very pretty. Nature promptly got to work. Elm seed fell in the crevices and now numerous young trees have sprung up in the stone slope, while great clumps of Sweet William, with other plants, are rapidly covering Mr. Mellen's marks of what was then considered progress, a word used usually to describe something that some one is doing to somebody else.

The Merry-Go-Round

By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"NO one in our family seems to realize the value of money. Why, do you know, I'm the only one in our family who tries to save a cent," said Mr. Jarr, with an "I'm-a-good-man-but-I'm-not-appreciated" air.

"Do you save any?" asked Jenkins, the bookkeeper.

"No," said Mr. Jarr, "but I try."

"There's nothing to it," remarked Mr. Jenkins, cocking his feet up on his desk and lighting another cigarette. "Look how we work, while the boss has it easy out at his fine country place, riding around in his automobile! Look how we work for salaries that are mere pittance, and yet the rich preach to us in newspaper interviews 'Save! Save! Be thrifty! I'd like to see them save and be thrifty on our salaries! Did you check up those invoices?'"

"Ah, bother the old invoices!" said Mr. Jarr. "The boss won't be here to-day and I'm going to take it easy."

And Mr. Jarr tilted his chair against the wall and yawned.

"As I was saying," Jenkins went on, "there's nothing to this thing of a poor man trying to save. There's an Italian who jobs around keeping lawns in order in East Malaris and he offered to attend to mine for two dollars a week. 'No,' I think I'll save two dollars a week. So I go to this morning to mow the lawn, gets myself all overworked, my hands get blistered and my head aching and bumps the lawn mower into a rock and busts it. If the Italian had rusted it I could have charged it against him."

"Heard the boss say anything about vacations yet?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Not a word except what I told you he had heard the noise he had concluded it must be from an adjoining apartment house. The crisis grew more pitiful and we were ill at ease."

After a long search in the house next door we found the cat was in an apartment whose occupants had gone to the country. The overseer had no key and was compelled to pry a window open in order to liberate the poor starved and almost mad animal. The people had left a couple of days previous and had evidently forgotten and locked up this living thing.

How it must have suffered! It ate ravenously. The caretaker told us that times without number he had had experiences of this kind, where tenants leave their pets behind, sometimes on the street, absolutely careless as to what will become of them. Many a faithful dog and cat who had served the family well was left to shift for itself when the family had no more need for it.

Nothing could be more cruel. There should certainly be a penalty against such abandonment. For it is not only

Poor Mr. Jarr Can't Save Any Money; But Luckily He Can Still Spend It

Their idea of saving is to buy something they don't need because they think they are getting it at a bargain.

"I used to have a little spare money before I was married," said Jenkins, gloomily. "But now it's nothing but work from week-end to week-end, and getting older and poorer at it all the time. But it's the grind I get so sick of, coming here day after day and working like a dog and never getting a cent ahead. I'll match you to see who pays for a good luncheon."

"Who was it that said that two can live cheaper than one?" asked Mr. Jarr, producing a half dollar to match Mr. Jenkins.

"The arch enemy of mankind," retorted Jenkins. They matched and Jenkins lost.

"I think the saying is that 'Two can live as cheaply as one,'" said Mr. Jarr, as he got his coat and hat. "That's one of the baits of the man-trap. But it's true enough. One lives on all the money one makes and, as a man never gets a raise when he gets married, two have to live on it, too!"

And sighing over their hard lot in life the two victims of unjust social and financial conditions went out to luncheon and after that shook dice for a quarter a side, with varying results, for two hours.

So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

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E NIGMAS of Existence: The apartment "superintendent" who empties the garbage. Also barbershop "tonic."

Feminine Fatalities: "The way to hold him is to keep him guessing."

The Domestic Amenities: She (bitterly)—There are times when I believe I could learn positively to hate you! He (eagerly)—Gosh, how long d'ya think it'd take?

Echoes of the Eons: "After I've devoted twelve of the best years of my life to you!"

Euripides never sensed a more tragic moment than that at which a coquettish woman first begins to feel her fat.

Sometimes we feel that we'd enjoy the movies more if the homely woman sitting next to us didn't sit tensely rigid and expectant, as if she just knew we were doing our dad-blame-dad to get acquainted with her.

Matronly Myths: That all husbands are "perfect babies when they're sick," and that the only thing that keeps 'em alive at all is that they're permitted to hold their wives' hands.

When they're of heavy ribbed silk, a girl in a hammock can look mighty buxom, but the wind's blowing.

There are said to be three baritones in the world who can sing, but they're not the ones who attend our motorboat parties.

As a further evidence of our innate and incurable wrongness, we always feel an irresistible desire to kick the movie hero who rolls his pencilled lips languishingly when he's telling the girl how much he's suffered on her account.

Our Notion of the Non-Existent is the Helluva Tim we were Going to Have after the Spouse went away on her Summer Trip.

The good-looking, sportily-inclined young fellow, wearing a rusty-looking \$7.50 suit and pushing a baby-carriage, can look mighty savage and hang-dog when he comes upon a bunch of the dolled-up, leering, pretty girls that he used to be so chummy with.

Last week we happened to be in a little Pennsylvania city where we were the only individual to carry a cane. Noticing the hostility and contempt which the cane evoked in the bosoms of the proletariat, we thereafter, for the remainder of our stay, carried two,

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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AFTER a while a bachelor's love affairs get to be so like one another, from the introduction to the last kiss, that even variety becomes monotonous.

What a "temperamental" woman needs is sometimes just a good old-fashioned African savage for a husband, who would pull her around by the hair and insist that she be buried alive with him when he died.

The modern "vampire" is not the "other woman," but the wife who drags her husband out to a tiresome dinner party or an expensive cafe after he has been working all day for the price of the cigarette in her hair.

It is easier to love a man than to like him, because you can love him blindly, but you've got to like him with your eyes wide open.

"Is love a form of hypnotism?" asks a psychologist. Well, a hypnotist puts you to sleep by holding your hands and, gazing into your eyes, makes you do a lot of silly things, and then wakes you up with a slap in the face—and so does the average lover.

A "near-bohemian" is a woman who would choke if she tried to smoke a cigarette, but who can talk of the different "brands" just like a tobacco salesman.

The kind of people who are constantly going to soothsayers to have their minds read and their futures predicted are mostly those who haven't any.

A man so much prefers quantity to quality in his sentimental conquests that he is more flattered by the admiration of two housemaids than by the admiration of one duchess.

A snob is merely a pathetic person who is trying to get into society by the wrong door.

The Story of the Crinoline

WHEN history insists upon repeating itself, we have only to hope for the best. The threatened return of the crinoline, prophesied by alarmists of fashion, leaves us all wondering. We find that in the crinoline was first worn in the sixteenth century by a Spanish princess who used it to conceal her love letter from a forbidden admirer.

According to pictures of Queen Elizabeth, she was the first to wear it in England. Perhaps she wore it for the same reason. She had need of pockets to hide such, provided all her admirers wrote to her. Among her earlier portraits we find that her dress resembled that of Queen Mary, her sister. The skirts of these were simply widened at the bottom.

Hooped petticoats as that time were called Vardingalos or Farthingales. These are to be seen in the portraits of Queen Elizabeth, when she was a much older woman. These Vardingales were skirts that were widened at the top and spread out from the hips for several feet, making it an impossibility for a person thus dressed to walk within a small space. It was other matter) to about the waist, two hours to dress one woman fashionably.

During the reign of Charles I., the hoop petticoat was worn only by wives of the lower gentry and by the wives of the citizens. In the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne it rose again; these hoops had outstanding steel or whalebone foundations at the bottom of the skirt. In Elizabeth's time this whalebone had been used at the top, near the waist, and hoops expanded for several feet. Addition expanded himself about the subject as follows, through his Sir Roger de Coverley: "My great-grandfather, however, has on a new fashioned petticoat, except that hers is gathered at the waist. My grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a 60-cart."

When the hoop skirt appeared at its climax (1740 to 1745) they were accompanied by the tiniest hats, sometimes so small as to be hidden. In the oblong fashion popular at the time the time to look "like a donkey carrying panniers." A half-dozen men could stand in the space that was necessary for one woman.

Many methods for entering carriages were thought out, the chief suggestion being "that a coach should have a movable roof, a frame of pulleys to drop the ladies in from the top in order to avoid disarranging their hoops." Hoopsticks disappeared about the time of George III.

About 1850 the crinoline again appeared. There had been hints of its coming, in the bell skirts that were worn by the fashionable about 1835. These had been preceded by the very small, tight ones. Comic weeklies of that time made much of them, and declared that the "crinoline" was the best friend of the shoplifter. They proved their assertions by quoting from police records of that time. The following incident was published (whether we believe it or not is another matter) to show what mischief could expect from the ridiculous fashion of that day. It was said to have been a true statement of fact:

"Concealed beneath the skirt of a fashionably dressed female of following articles were found: Twenty-three shawls, 11 dozen handkerchiefs, 14 pairs of boots, 30 pairs of socks, 26 chemises, 10 muslin dresses, 4 crochets, a pair of curling irons, 8 bonnets, 100 rolls of ribbons, 10 dozen pairs of gloves, 20 pairs of gloves, 40 balls of cotton, 23 balls of silk, 3 packets of hairbrushes, 10 boxes of bonbons, 14 lever watches, half a leg of mutton, 1 box of soap, a warning pan and 5 bracelets. After such disclosures, who can deny that crinoline is comparable to charity, inasmuch as it covers a multitude of sins?"

Would a lady dare to wear the crinoline now when shopping or in a subway crush?

Things You Should Know

Dust Fighting.

PERSONS using a vacuum cleaner for the first time can scarcely believe their eyes when they behold the result.

Every time we enter a house we bring in dust on our feet and garments, and open windows and doors are constantly contributing.

The difference between indoor dust and outdoor dust is that, indoors, the germ-laden dust settles on floors and furniture, and, about once in so often, disturbed by dusting and by our moving about the rooms; whereas, outdoors, dust is driven from one place to another by the air currents.

Sweeping with brooms simply disturbs the dust, and this, followed by most kinds of dustings, only sends the dust from one place to another, from floor and furniture to walls and hangings. Much of it is not destroyed or even only redistributed.

Health demands bare floors and rugs. These are more easily kept clean, and rugs have the advantage of being taken out of doors, thus removing for good and all much dust that might otherwise remain within.

Carpet sweepers are an improvement upon brooms, and their contents should be burned. The vacuum cleaner is better still, and its contents should be burned or buried. Dampened dust cloths and, best of all, a damp chamber, which hold the dust after collecting it, which no dry dust cloth does. Dry ones simply wait the dust from one place to another, as feather dusts do. Dampened sawdust or bits of paper scattered over carpets help in a measure, as both hold the dust after getting it off the feet. Public conveyances and places of amusement are almost entirely cleaned or ventilated, and having carpets and upholstered seats only makes the matter more complicated. Ventilation is becoming recognized as important for health, but the removal and destruction of dust is not given sufficient attention. Public conveyances and sleeping cars are subject to the same criticism. The oiling of public streets is a splendid stride in the right direction, as it confines the dust. It is absolutely certain that tuberculosis comes to us through the dust of the air, tubercular persons should, at least, guard their mouths, when being taken out of doors, with the coughing. This counsel of decency is worthy of commendation.

Talks With My Parents. By a Child

My object in writing these talks is to put them in a book so that my parents may see just how a child feels about the things I discuss. One of the first stories I wrote to use is about "knocking."

I hate slang, and yet that is so expressive! By knocking I mean not standing up for a person. It is pretty hard to believe that a woman would knock her own husband, but it is true, for I heard mother knocking father to Miss Esterbrook the other afternoon.

Miss Esterbrook has what father calls a "trouble maker." He always says to mother, "You know women never MEAN to make trouble." Well, I was

on the sofa in the sitting room and I guess mother had forgotten I was there. She and Miss Esterbrook were talking away as fast as could be when I heard mother say, "My husband gives me very little spending money." Then a voice said, "Yes, I always heard your husband was very stingy in matters like that."

"What do you mean?" fairly shouted mother.

"I thought there was going to be a fight so I left the sofa," when mother saw she looked awful cheap.

I had a bad dream, I said. That seemed to break up the meeting and Miss Esterbrook left.

I believe in boosting your relatives, especially if you are married to them.